

# TATTERSALL'S CLUB

(SYDNEY)

# MAGAZINE



September, 1930

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Vol. 2—No. 8.

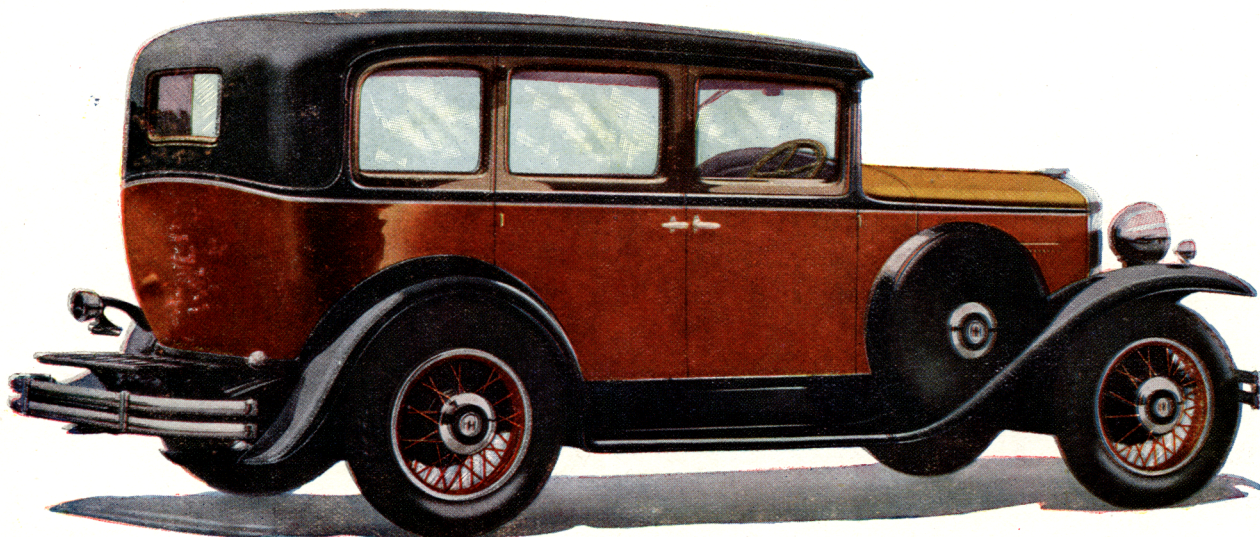




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# TATTERSALL'S CLUB (Sydney) MAGAZINE

Vol. 2. No. 8.

September, 1930.

Price Sixpence

## Tattersall's Club Sydney

Established 1858



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# The Chelmsford Stakes

## The Best in the Land Have Won Tattersall's Historic Prize

Tattersall's long-distance record in the history of the Turf is its Cup, established away back in 1868, only two years after the Sydney Cup. But the event that has made a name for the club in bringing out some of Australia's greatest performers is the Chelmsford Stakes, to be run this year on September 13.

Spring, Tattersall's, and the Chelmsford Stakes, or as it was called 25 years ago, the Rawson Stakes, became synonymous for the advent of the new season's notable racehorses and racing. For thirty years the best talent of the year has made its debut at "Tatt's," the meeting that opens the new season at Randwick.

**T**WENTY-five years ago, the New Zealand mare Solution presaged a great Australian career with success in the Chelmsford Stakes. A few weeks later she took



LIMERICK.

the Metropolitan, and it will always be a moot point whether she wasn't the greatest mare Australasia ever saw.

The following year, 1907, saw the success of Mountain King, Derby and weight-for-age crack, who won Australia's only six furlongs w.f.a. event in the last year of its decision, yet could stay well enough to run third in a Melbourne Cup.

Prince Foote came in 1909 to herald his victories in the Derbies and Melbourne Cup. He remained champion for another year, and won the Chelmsford again in

1910. The boot was on the other foot two years later. Duke Foote won the Chelmsford of 1912 and again in 1913.

Woorak was a great middle distance horse who succeeded in 1914, and Sasanof first showed the glimpse of form in winning it in 1916 that lured many big bettors on to the winning of a fortune when less than two months afterwards he captured the Melbourne Cup.

Perhaps the greatest distinction Tattersall's Club achieved was through the introduction to the Turf of Australasia's mightiest stake-winner, Gloaming.

It was his first race when he faced the starter in the 1918 Chelmsford Stakes, and a 10 lengths' victory over Rebus, Kennaquhair and other champions presaged a mighty career that for tenacity and longevity has not been equalled since. What a start for a maiden? Defeat by ten lengths of the two horses who a few weeks later won the Epsom-Metrop double, Rebus and Kennaquhair!

Chrysolaus, Beauford, Heroic, Windbag, Limerick, and Mollison are the notable winners since, and their achievements are too recent to need emphasising.

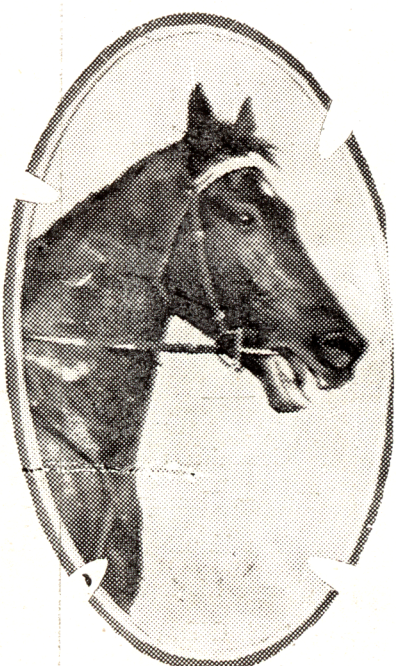
There is a touch of sentiment about this year's entry for Tattersall's great race. By an apt coincidence the first nomination lodged on entry day was that of Limerick, the horse who has achieved a record above all other winners of the race. He has won it three times.

But that is only one of the significant things about the Chelmsford Stakes entry for the coming race. In it were all the greatest stake-winners of recent years, with the exception of Gloaming.

They are:—Amounis, £40,823/10/-; Limerick, £30,901; Mollison, £29,334; Phar Lap, £27,196; Nightmarch £25,368/10/-.

Amounis is second to Gloaming in the Australasian stake-winning championship, and Limerick is third.

Thus the entry embraced five champions who collectively have earned £153,623 in stakes during their



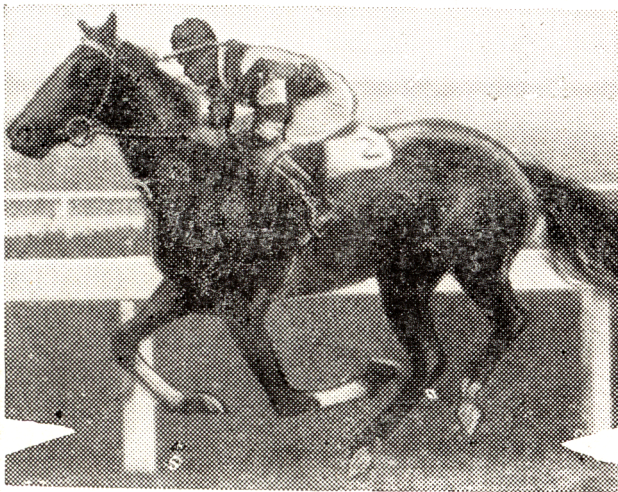
AMOUNIS.





careers on the racecourse. It is a remarkable aggregation of money-spinners.

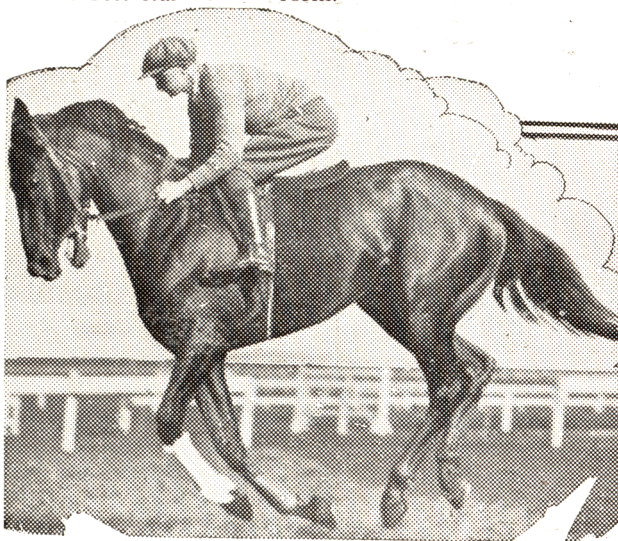
With such a quartette as Phar Lap, Nightmarch, Limerick and Mollison, the field surely embraces the best quality Randwick has ever entertained in one entry



PHAR LAP.

either for the Chelmsford Stakes or any other notable engagement.

Though the prospects of defeating Phar Lap may not be apparent at the time of writing, a race between such horses as these should be worth going a long way to see. The track work of them all reveals that they are coming to their best standard of form.

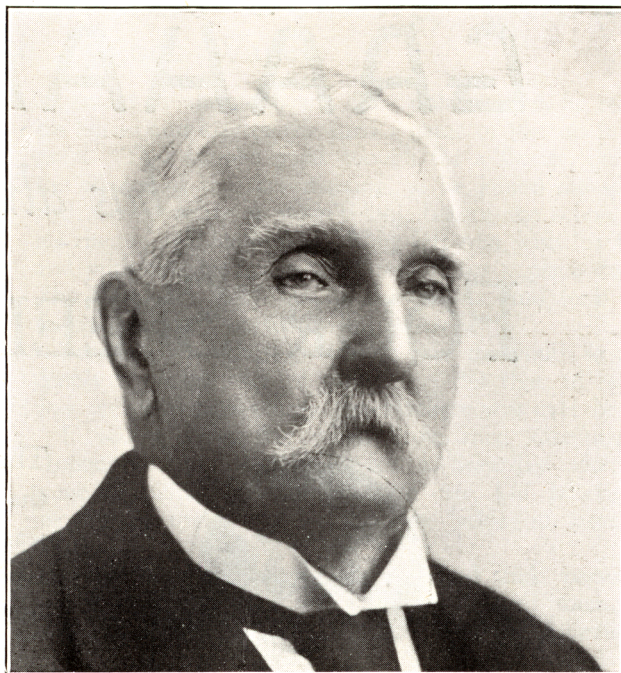


NIGHT MARCH.

And, by the way of further emphasising the importance attached to this opening of Randwick's season on September 13 with the Chelmsford Stakes and other important events, it need only be mentioned that entries numbering no fewer than 249 were received for the six races.

Owners and trainers are hungry for the commencement of the sport at headquarters, and "Tatt's" certainly looks like being a bumper meeting.

## Our Oldest Club Member



Mr. P. J. Hourigan, the oldest member of Tattersall's Club, was on the 28th July last made an honorary life member thereof. He has served the club in various capacities. He was a member of the committee in the early "eighties," and was afterwards the Club's treasurer. He has been the solicitor for Tatt's Club for many years.

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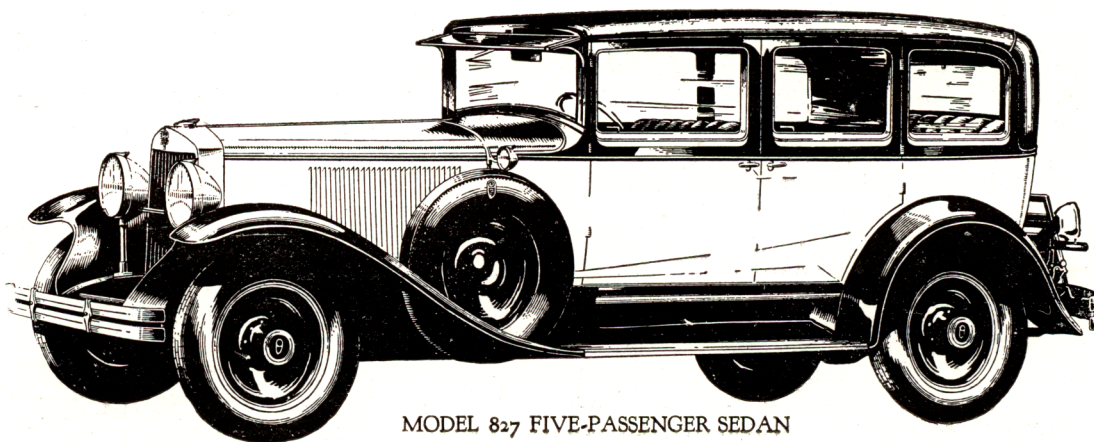
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# How Jim Hackett Built His Betting Book

## From 2/- Doubles to £30,000 Wagers

Just 44 years ago, a young man laboured in No. 1 shearing shed of Thurlagoona station, outside Cunnamulla, with just the clothes he stood in, his shears and a pair of ponies that carried him from shed to shed.

His prospects were, so he supposed, the cheque he would collect at the clean-up.

But Providence, or whoever it might be that looks after these wayfarers, had something better in store for the young shearer.

It was he who, a few weeks ago an-



MR. J. T. HACKETT.

nounced his retirement from a calling that brought him in more than a fortune.

Jim Hackett, Sen., is the name, and its bearer will be recognised as the man who rose to become the most influential bookmaker of his day throughout the Commonwealth.

Mr. Hackett has been a member of Tattersall's Club for 37 years, and he willingly recounted some of his experiences for the Club Journal. A man retaining all his faculties and particularly his memory of many interesting, and sometimes sensational, details of his career, his memoirs have more than an ordinary attraction for Club members.

But to revert to the shearing at Thurlagoona, the young Jim Hackett with which this story begins didn't realise what early disaster would befall the cheque he drew for his labors there.

Cheque in pocket, his swag on his pack-horse, and mounted on his other sole possession, he made for a village locally called the Turon for the race meeting

organised by the publican. The pub reached, he stabled his horses and saw in the yard a game of two-up in progress. That seemed good enough for a flutter, pending the advent of the race meeting, so he joined the school, and sad to relate it wasn't long before the school had his cheque and his horses. They left him with his swag, and with this on his back he set off for a place dubbed The Cato, five miles out of Brewarrina, and took up a fencing contract to soothe his woes.

Sweating over those post-holes gave the youth to think deeply upon the evils of gambling. But that, in reality, was the only time young Jim Hackett was ever broke.

It was a lucky day when Providence, directing his footsteps into Brewarrina for a Saturday afternoon game of billiards at the hotel of one, Lof Morris, set his feet on the bottom rung of the ladder of fame and fortune.

Morris noted that he played a good stick, persuaded him to stay and take charge of his billiard room, and agreeing, it was there that Jim Hackett, later Leviathan of the Australian Turf, opened his first double book.

He laid £5 to 2/- in those days.

It is interesting to contrast this with his £30,000 books of later years.

It was in this stage of his early career that he met E. D. Millen, who years afterwards became Senator, then Minister for Defence. The friendship flourished through the years, and it was for his old bush pal that the Senator sent when he was on his death bed a few years ago.

He made progress so fast in Brewarrina that in 1889 he was able to move off to Bourke, there to buy the tobacconist's business next to Sam Davis' Royal Hotel, with the savings he had accumulated from his doubles, and lay the foundations of his career, and his real fortunes as a bookmaker. There he began betting the double on the Epsom and Metropolitan and the two Cups in a fairly big way, ultimately increasing the size of his operations until he became known throughout the West and North-West.

**The great advertisement came for his business, however, in 1892.**

A week of flood had thrown the mail coaches off their schedule and Epsom day broke and was so far advanced that the race was run before the mails arrived. These contained letters from hundreds of Mr. Hackett's clients throughout the country. He hadn't heard the Epsom result, but he decided that he would declare all these bets off that arrived so late. Subsequently news of an outsider's victory arrived, but he stuck to his resolution and returned every backer—they were all on losers—his money. The incident gave him a reputation for the highest integrity throughout the countryside. It put him on a footing where everybody learned to trust the name of Hackett in the bookmaking business.

It was a year afterwards that he decided to become a city bookmaker betting at Randwick, and in 1893 he secured his A.J.C. license and joined Tattersall's Club.

But he retained his Bourke business and for over 10





# HONOUR ROLL

Of members who have proposed or seconded one or more new members.

*An asterisk is placed opposite the name of a member to denote each additional new member proposed or seconded by him.*

Alderson, R. H.*	Crick, Guy	Horley, C. F.	Morrison, J. S.
Alldritt, F. R.	Crothers, W. W.	Hunter, K.	Murrell, M. A.
Allen, Dr. J. C. B.	Dawson, Dr. A. L.	Hughes, H. G.	Nailon, G. P.
Armstrong, Dr. E.	Dimond, R. V.	Hyams, B.	Nettlefold, E. A.*
Armstrong, W. V.	Douglas, L. K.*	Ingham, A. C.	Newton, W. E.
Ashcroft, C. A.*	Dovey, W. R.	Inglis, C.	Norton, Ezra
Barnes, J.***	Dowling, J.	Iverson, G. W.	Norton, H. M.
Barnes, W. J.	Dowling, J. B.*	Johnson, H. F.	Ogilvy, D. P.
Bartlett, C.	Dunwoodie, G. V.	Kearns, D.	Packer, F. L.
Baume, F. E.	Eldridge, P. H.	Kelly, R. T.**	Paton, J. A.
Bartley, H. C.*	Emanuel, F. C.	King, E. W.	Pratten, G.**
Bevan, G. F.**	Emanuel, S.	Lawrence, S.	Richards, B. H.
Bingle, A. S.	England, H.	Lashmar, A.	Ring, G. B.*
Black, I. H.	Falvey, E. J.	Laycock, R. W.	Rogers, A.
Black, J. Y.*	Farrar, Hon. E. H.*	Lee, R. F.	Royal, W. G.
Bloom, L.	Gainsford, J. H.	LePage, F. H.	Row, F. L.*
Bohringer, C.	Gall, J. E.	LePlastrier, J. S.	Samuels, M.
Bowden, H. R.	Gale, W. C.	Levy, P. B.*	Scott, A. C.
Brewer, E. H.*	Gannon, L.	Levy, Alf.	Scott-Fell, J. W.
Brown, F.	Garlick, J.*	Lewis, C. E.	Scott-Fell, W.
Brown, J.	Garner, M.	Lillis, J. S.	Shankland, R. E.*
Brunton, J. S.	Gillespie, A. C.	Lippman, J.	Shave, L. C. H.
Buckle, W. W.	Gledden, Dr. A. M.	Livingston, H. D.	Simpson, S. J.*
Burcham Clamp, J.	Goldberg, N.	Lloyd, Brig.-Gen. H. W.	Smith, E. Temple*
Buxton, J. H.	Goldsmid, E. A.*	Logan, J.	Spurway, F. G.
Callen, Dr. A. A.	Greenberg, H.	Logan, W. H.**	Stirling, N.*
Campbell, C. J.	Griffin, F. R.	Madden, A. G.	Symonds, R.
Candler, W. J.	Griffith, D. W.	Manton, P. G.	Thompson, C. G.
Carr, G. W.	Griffiths, S.	Marks, E. S., M.L.A.	Turnbull, L. A.
Carroll, D.	Gunning, W. P.	Marshall, W. F.	Walder, R.
Cathels, R. C.*	Hackett, J. T.*	Martin, D. N.*	Wallace, L.
Catton, R.	Hardie, A. B.	McDonald, H. L.	Wallace, T. B.
Catts, N. S. H.	Harris, A. O.	McDonald, W. A.	Wallis, G. M.
Chatterton, S. E.	Harris, C.	McGill, Q.	Watson, T.
Chew, J. A.**	Hart, H. A.	McHugh, H.	Watson, G. J.
Chisholm, R. M.*	Hartland, J.*	McLean, A.	Westbrook, A.
Clancy, C. S.	Hatfield, R. M.	Miller, F.	Westgarth, D.
Cohen, G. J., Junr.	Hendy, H. J.*	Miller, P.*	Whiddon, W. H.*
Coward, F. H.	Hicks, J. W., Junr.	Milliken, R. H.	White, H. E.
Coward, R. W.	Hill, A. C. W.	Molloy, J.	Whitehouse, A. J.
Chartres, A. H.	Hinwood, A. W.	Molesworth, V.*	Wilkinson, J. D.
Christmas, H. P.	Hoggan, W. R.	Monte, G.	Williams, G. S.
Conroy, N. R.	Holden, T. P., M.L.C.	Moore, P. F.	Williams, H.
Coyle, C. P.*	Holman, W. A., K.C.*	Moss, E.***	Wilson, R. H.

MEMBERSHIP AT 1st SEPTEMBER, 1930, 2,020.

## WELCOME NEW MEMBERS

W. R. Bailey, J. T. Batman, C. G. Bazeley, C. Crowley, G. W. P. Creed, B. D. Davis, P. Hunter, L. Israel, J. E. Kennebeck, P. M. King, T. E. Larnach, L. W. H. Martin, F. J. McHale, Hugh D. McIntosh, W. H. McLachlan, D. A. McPherson, J. W. Plaskitt, Bert Pamphilon, Dr. B. Riley, A. S. Yates.





years it flourished and prospered, so much so that it became known not only to country backers far and wide, but to punters of the city. For instance, when Revenue won the Melbourne Cup of 1901 he was backed for £10,000 with the Bourke concern, at odds of from 20 to 1 down to the 7 to 4 at which he started.

All forms of betting were legal in those days, and Tattersall's sweeps flourished in Sydney unchallenged by the Gaming Act, which subsequently drove them out of the country. At Jim Hackett's Bourke establishment sweep tickets were sold, and he tells an interesting story of a £5,000 prize and the strange juggling that involved the winning ticket.

Alec Williams, his bookmaking partner of later days, then his shop assistant—and a good tradesman too. Mr. Hackett will tell you—was attending a customer one day when a client named Robertson, a wheelwright of Bourke, entered the shop and announcing that he had picked up a pound note outside, declared his intention of investing it in Tatt's. He asked for four tickets; they were given, and the record of the sale made.

He had barely left the shop when he returned to ask which sweep he was in. Two were being conducted simultaneously, one on the Hobart Cup and the second on the Newmarket. He wanted the Newmarket, for he thought it was a lucky omen that he had been thinking of that race when he picked up the pound.

Alec Williams told him his tickets were on the Hobart Cup, and when he asked to change them tried to persuade him to leave them as they stood. So they argued for a few minutes, until finally the customer who was being shaved, a Mr. Mark Tully, squatter of somewhere beyond Bourke, declared that he would take the four Hobart Cup tickets in his wife's name, and Robertson could then have the Newmarket tickets he wanted.

This was arranged and the tickets transferred.

A few days later the draw showed that the four on the Hobart Cup contained the winning horse and Tully the squatter landed the £5,000 with the ticket that had been forced on him by Robertson.

It was unfortunate for the other, whose mind, dwelling on the incident, sent him into a state of melancholy.

Tully the squatter, after long droughts, was on the verge of having to surrender to the Bank when the £5,000 saved his station property from forfeiture.

Mr. Hackett and Mr. Williams came to town in 1903 to settle, and took up betting in a bigger way.

Asked to compare wagering to-day with that of his earlier career, Mr. Hackett said the difference was enormous. A course book of £1,000 was something to talk about in those early 1900's.

But it has grown to the extent that £5,000 books and even bigger are common on the courses nowadays, and these, not with one leviathan, but with many.

**Mr. Hackett's biggest course book was phenomenal. It amounted to £16,000, and was on Spearfelt's Melbourne Cup of 1926.**

Not a wager it embraced was made until Flemington was reached on the day of the race. Early he was sought out for a succession of big bets, and as they came so he decided to increase his wagering on the race until he had the huge sum mentioned.

The amount "held" was £12,000.

It was against Pantheon that the £16,000 was laid. Spearfelt, the winner, took out £10,000, leaving a profit of £2,000 on the race.

**Against Naos, who was beaten into second place by a half length, the total laid was £37.**

**What a turn-up for a leviathan—£11,063 of clear profit if that half length could have been reversed.**

Talking of close shaves with fortune over outsiders in big races, Mr. Mackett recalled Jocelyn's half-length victory over Oratrix in the Metropolitan of 1928. "We had been betting on the race for three months," said Mr. Hackett, "but we didn't lay a shilling against Oratrix either in the ante-post book or on the course. She would have won me £40,000.

"That was the only chance we ever had for an absolute skinner," said Mr. Hackett.

Asked to recount some of the biggest wagers won from his firm Mr. Hackett mentioned the £20,000 to £100 about Maple and Statesman for the two Cups of 1928 and £10,000 to £700 about Statesman straight out, both laid to the same backer, a well-known Sydney legal man, probably operating for the Kelso stable and himself. He netted a total of £30,000 from the Hackett firm.

Eric Connolly has had at least two big harvests from the firm, too.

He had £25,000 to £7000 about Murillo for the 1927 Metropolitan he won.

He took it from Mr. Hackett in the preceding July in Melbourne.

E.A.C. persuaded Mr. Hackett to keep the wager quiet, for he might want more, and this was agreed. Some time later Mr. Hackett laid the Vaals commission to Mr. Ned Moss for the Epsom Handicap and would have backed the double, Vaals and Murillo for himself with his inside information of stable intentions. But Mr. Moss asked him to do nothing at the moment. Mr. Hackett postponed his intention, and Vaals won two races in the one day at Rosehill, shortening the prices of doubles for the big races. That put Mr. Hackett off a win that he reckons might have amounted to £100,000, for when he first resolved to take the Vaals-Murillo combination the price was 330 to 1, and he would have gone on to any amount at that or 250 to 1.

Besides his substantial Murillo bet, Eric Connolly had £16,000 to £1,000 about Rostrum when he won the 1922 Epsom. When Rostrum became favorite, Fleuriste lengthened to long odds, and he stepped in and backed this second stable string for a similar amount. How they ran first and second is now a matter of history.

For his firm Mr. Hackett laid Mr. A. T. Craig £20,000 to £1,000 for the 1923 Melbourne Cup. Bitalli was then a maiden, but how he came through to favoritism and victory Mr. Hackett remembers only too well, though of course long before the day of the race he had taken steps to reduce his liability.

Another big winning bet was a sum of £14,000 to £1,000 laid to Mr. John Wren when Sir Andrew won the Metropolitan of 1923.

These and many other transactions earned for Mr. Jim Hackett the title of Leviathan of the Australian Ring.





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## Golf—How to Improve Your Game

Realising that the average golfer, although he is interested in reading the results of competitions in which he has taken part, looks for something further in the way of literary food regarding his play, a series of articles entitled "How I may Improve my Game" will be published in the forthcoming issues of the "Journal."

To entrust the work of writing these articles to any one professional would mean that the advice contained would be more or less restricted to a single writer's experience. It has, therefore, been arranged that extracts from advisory articles by the world's most prominent golfers should be assembled in the articles which are to appear. Such questions as the correct grip to use and the more or less rudimentary elements of golf play will not be dealt with in detail, as it is realised that most members of Tattersall's Golf Club are fully informed on these important matters.

It might be well, however, in the introductory article, which follows, to shortly repeat the advice of Bobby Jones, who is probably the most outstanding golfer in the world to-day, as to grip and stance. He says:

"As I grip the club, the shaft rests squarely upon the second joint of the index finger of each hand, and passes across the palm, emerging midway between the base of the little finger and the wrist. In this way I have a contact with the club greatly exceeding the width of my hands, and when in addition the index finger of my right hand is extended and crooked around the shaft, I have increased even my leverage upon the club. I do not think that the thumbs should be placed upon the top of the shaft, for in that position they restrict the free swing. Slightly upon the side, forming a letter V with the index fingers is the best position.

Supple wrists are unquestionably to be desired in playing golf. Where speed is the essential quality, rather than strength, tense muscles ought not to be tolerated, for the muscle that is hardened by strain is not capable of rapid movement. But nearly everyone at some time carries this notion of relaxation too far. In order that what is called a "free wrist action" may be encouraged, the tendency must be to relax the grip upon the club to an extent sufficient to impair seriously, if not destroy, the control which the player has over the clubhead. Swinging with considerable force upon the ball, either the rapid motion prior to impact or the actual contact with the ball itself, may cause the club to turn in the hands and spoil an otherwise perfect stroke.

In my opinion, the left hand is the one that should hold the club steady. I think it matters very little indeed how lightly the right hand may rest upon the club up to the very moment of hitting. But a weak left-hand grip of a flabby left wrist may be utterly swept aside by an incorrect action of the right hand.

Stiff wrists destroy timing, rhythm, and every hope of control. It is a condition which places the direct control of the club in the shoulders and body of the player rather than in the hands where it should be.

It has been particularly striking to me that nearly all

of the young players whom I have observed within the last few years have one common tendency. All of them seem to want length at whatever cost and they have, whether consciously or not, adopted the obvious but most dangerous means of getting it. They turn the left hand more to the upper side of the shaft and drop the right hand underneath it. The first effect of this change is to increase greatly the power of the wrists, because as they lash into the stroke the clubhead can be moved through a greater distance in the act of turning into the ball. This much is fine so long, and only so long, as it is under perfect control. But the most even temperament and the best trained muscles cannot remain in perfect concert all the time, and when a swing of this kind is not clicking, the error will be exaggerated in its effect upon the shot.

The position of the hands which I have described places the entire body in a strained position, where the natural tendency is to pull the left shoulder upward before the ball is hit and so strike the ball an ascending blow. Since it is thus difficult to keep the clubhead travelling close to the ground, it will be noted that the players addicted to the habit of gripping in this manner are more likely to top their drives than others who employ a more orthodox style. Shots mis-hit in any way must reach some sort of difficulty but no fizzle can be as complete as a top.

Where should the club be grasped? Ted Ray points out that although much attention is given to teaching a person in what manner he should hold a golf club, very little is ever said about where he should hold it, a detail which may be equally as important as any. Usually in buying a new club a man takes care to secure one of the proper length, that is, of a length which will permit him to reach the ball comfortably when addressing it in his normal position. That is as it should be. But there are fourteen or more inches of leather on every golf club and these inches were not used solely for the purpose of increasing the manufacturer's cost.

Obviously, the club should be held as near as possible to the end when playing a full shot. So long as the club can be controlled, every inch of additional length in the shaft means additional yards on the end of the drive. But still there is danger if the player is not careful that the left hand may approach so nearly the end of the shaft that a firm grip will be lost while the swing is in progress. The safer course is to leave at least a half-inch of the shaft projecting beyond the left hand. There is then always enough to hold.

When playing into the wind it is generally accepted as good practice to take a shorter hold upon the shaft. The swing is thus shortened and the club is more definitely and easily controllable. The swing becomes not tight but more compact and there is less likelihood that the ball will be driven high in the air. Generally speaking, however, the proper place to hold a wood club is the point at which it balances best in the hands and where the player is most comfortable holding it.

(To be Continued.)





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## Holed in One

Once again genial Mick Polson, of Tattersall's Club, has distinguished himself—this time in the Golf Field,



M. POLSON.

when at Peak Hill he recently achieved what is no doubt every golfer's ambition; that was, he had the pleasure of seeing his ball vanish in the cup with the minimum effort of one stroke. It is safe to say that there is no more popular member of the Golf Club than "Mick," and our only regret is that we were not present at Peak Hill's "19th" when the event took place.



## Tattersall's Golf Club

WED., SEPT. 17th—Bogey Handicap at Roseville Golf Club.

THURS., OCT. 23rd—Four Ball Best Ball Handicap at Concord Golf Club.

THURS., NOV. 20th—18 Holes Stroke Handicap for A. C. Ingham Cup at Manly Golf Club.

## An Apology

The Editor takes this early opportunity of extending his apology to one of the Golf Club members, Mr. S. W. Griffith, in that, in the notes relating to the outing at Bonnie Doon Club, no mention was made of Mr.

Griffith's generosity in donating a special prize for the best scratch score on that occasion. This was quite an oversight and we trust that Mr. Griffith will accept this apology. At the same time we wish to report that the trophy in question was won by the Captain of the Club, Mr. L. Giddings.

## Tattersall's Golf Club

### August Outing.

The usual monthly outing of the members of Tattersall's Golf Club was held at the Avondale Golf Course, Pymble, on Wednesday, 27th August, 1930. Another perfect day from the weather view point was experienced, and in view of the excellent condition of the course and its beautiful surroundings, the opinion was expressed on all sides that it was perhaps the most pleasant outing the Club has yet conducted.

Twenty-five pairs took the field to contest the 4-ball best ball bogey competition which had been arranged. Two pairs tied for first place, Messrs. J. R. Lee and M. Gleeson, and Messrs. L. Giddings and J. McLeod, each pair returning a card of 5 up and having an advantage of 2 up on the next pair. The committee decided that instead of requesting the players to play off, that each would receive a similar trophy.

The usual happy ceremony took place at the "19th," when our Club President thanked the members of the Avondale Golf Club for the use of the course, and for the very complete arrangements which had been conducted by the genial Secretary, Captain Alexander. The latter gentleman responded in happy vein, and indicated that he would be pleased to convey to the members of his committee the expressions of goodwill which had been directed towards the Club and its members.

The competition resulted as follows:—

### 18 Holes 4 Ball Best Ball Bogey Handicap.

Two pairs tied for first place, Messrs. J. R. Lee and M. Gleeson and Messrs. L. Giddings and J. McLeod, each pair returning a card of 5 up.

J. R. Lee (14) and M. Gleeson (17), 5 up; L. Giddings (2) and J. McLeod (12), 5 up; P. M. King (8) and G. J. Watson (5), 3 up; C. W. MacLeod (5) and A. Dobson (5), 3 up; F. V. Richards (8) and T. A. Richards (18), 2 up; R. T. Kelly (6) and T. A. Daly (7), 2 up; S. Chatterton (14) and W. Dittfort (14), 2 up; A. H. Stocks (14) and A. O. Romano (18), 1 up; S. Baker (11) and E. Forsyth (18), 1 up; R. Plasto (5), and M. Davies (12), square; N. Stirling (14) and B. Clancy (15), square; A. C. Ingham (18) and J. T. Hackett (13), 1 down; M. Polson (11) and W. C. Moodie (14), 2 down; A. C. Berk (15) and E. Parker (11), 2 down; F. Eastment (18) and R. Manzie (14), 3 down; T. Fitzsimons (8) and E. Nettlefold (18), 3 down; W. McDonald (5) and J. Dowling (4), 3 down; W. S. Kay and A. V. Miller (5), 4 down; F. A. Comins (12) and C. O. Beck (11), 5 down; T. G. Murray (9) and L. H. Steger (7), 5 down; E. L. Betts (5) and V. B. Audette (15), 6 down; A. R. Edwards (18) and E. Fauser, 6 down.





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## Club News and Notes

### Swimming

#### The Month's Competition.

When a scratch man in any sport wins a competition no one begrudges him the honor, it's quite safe to bet that he's earned the kudos.

So when the last race for the Dewar Cup returned popular Hans Robertson as the first winner of the valuable trophy it was a most popular victory, especially to those frequenters of the club's pool who had seen him battle through to win races from seemingly impossible marks.



## Keep Fit !



**BECOME a Regular Patron  
of the Swimming Pool  
and Gymnasium.**



The donors of the Dewar Cup will feel satisfied that their trophy has marked a great step forward in the popularity of the swimming club's races, right up to the last there was always a chance of someone upsetting Mr. Robertson, and when the new series opens in October there is going to be some pretty keen opposition to his gaining a second success.

Races for the trophy were commenced in February and were concluded on August 21, 29 races being held in all.

The final points were:—H. Robertson 63, S. Carroll 59, A. Richards 54, K. Hunter 52, V. Armstrong 32, K. Wheeler 25, W. K. Garnsey 21, N. Longworth 14.

Many of our members are inclined to be scared that they will be out of place racing, but if they will only submit themselves to the tender mercies of the handi-

capper they will soon feel the lure of the sport just as the thirty members who participated in the racing did last season.

When the club resumes operations in October next it is confidently expected that the roll-up will be much larger and that the Thursday gatherings will become one of the big features of Tattersall's Club activities.

The swimming club is looking for members who may not desire to race but who will help in the starting and judging of the races, so that the duties will not fall upon one or two enthusiasts.

Before the Dewar Cup series started in February the swimming club had been holding races regularly, and it is of interest to note the swimmers who took the honors in those contests.

Mr. A. Richards headed the list with 14 points, followed by Messrs. K. Wheeler 11, S. Carroll 10, F. Kennedy 9, F. Taylor 8, S. Rubernsohn 7, J. Gambier 6, C. O'Dea 6, T. Robertson 5, K. Hall 5, G. Robertson 5, L. Richards 5.

Winners of races during the season were: H. Robertson 9, A. Richards, S. Carroll and K. Hunter 5; K. Wheeler 3, V. Armstrong, W. K. Garnsey, N. Longworth and F. Taylor 2; J. Gambier, P. Kennedy and J. D. Wilkinson 1.

The activities of Messrs. Hans Robertson and Norman Longworth have set some standards for club members to reach in the line of speed, the club records being: 40 yards, 19 secs, by H. Robertson and N. Longworth; 60 yards, 31 secs, by H. Robertson; 80 yards, 45 secs, by H. Robertson; 100 yards, 58 secs, by H. Robertson.

Other good times put up during the season were by K. Hunter, 49 secs for 80 yards and 21 3/5 secs for 40 yards; A. Richards, 35 secs for 60 yards and 21 secs for 40 yards; N. Longworth, 32 4/5 secs for 60 yards.

The advantages enjoyed by Tattersall's Club members in having a pool in which they may disport themselves during the whole of the year are unequalled in Australia, and are on similar lines to those that have put America at the top of the tree in the swimming world.

In Australia there has always been the idea that swimming throughout the winter would tend to send a swimmer stale, but America has exploded that theory, and if further examples of the error of the old idea are needed then the case of Noel Ryan, the Manly champion, need only be quoted.

When the British Empire Games team left Sydney it was in the depths of winter, at a time when it would be absolutely impossible for a swimmer to train in the open baths.

As a matter of fact, Ryan did try it, found the water too cold, and had it not been for the courtesy of Tattersall's Club in allowing him to prepare for the trip in the pool, he would have had no chance of winning the 400 and 1,500 yards Empire championships in Canada as he did.

In the circumstances the Club cannot but feel that it has more than a passing interest in the victories gained by the lion-hearted lad from Manly.





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Men like Arne Borg, Australian champions Reg, Grier, Ivan Stedman, F. W. Jones and "Boy" Charlton, all of whom have dashed over the laps of our pool, know what an asset the club possesses, and the time will come when Tattersall's Club will be able to put a team into the championships.

For the present the swimming club is in recess, but the members continue to get their fun and exercise in the crystal waters of the pool.

It has become one of the outstanding features of the visits of athletic teams of all kinds to have a dip in the pool. Latest in that line to enjoy that delight is the British Rugby Union team, the members of which were made honorary club members. At the official welcome to the team the players were delighted with the pool and some of them could not be dragged away. Those who did not strip also found the water first-rate, for the swimmers liberally splashed them to show them what it was like.

Mr. Vic Armstrong, who averred that he couldn't swim more than two laps at the start of the season, now finds that he under-rated his powers. In the final Dewar Cup race over 100 yards he won his heat in fine style, and on the following day went one better and collected the final in as good a finish as the club has seen.

But for a trip to Kosciusko Mr. A. Richards would have been pretty close to the money in the Dewar Cup, as at the time he left for his holiday he was in front in the point score, but by the time he returned he had lost a lot of his pace and couldn't bridge the gap.

Mr. Stan Carroll was in somewhat the same boat for a couple of weeks' absence from racing made all the difference to his prospects. He finished at a great rate and was only four points behind the winner at the end.

It is proposed to run a monthly point score next season in addition to the Dewar Cup series, so that members who may be forced out of the running in the season's point score, through unforeseen circumstances, will have some compensation for their good form.

Absent from club swimming activities during the past few months were Messrs. Bob Cathels and L. Richards. Both these gentlemen were to the fore in the formation of the swimming club, and their reappearance will be welcome.

There is talk of provision of swimming pools in new buildings proposed by various clubs in the city, and, if they materialise, regular inter-club contests will be sure to follow. In America these contests are the big things of all clubs and promote a wonderful spirit of club esprit de corps.

One of these days we can see young Bill Kendall, son of club member Mr. W. Kendall, appearing in State championships under the club banner. Already Bill is a junior State champion and one of the most promising of our juniors.

Results of August handicaps:—

August 7.—60 yards: S. Carroll (40), 1; H. Robertson (31), 2; A. Richards (37), 3. Time, 39 4/5 secs.

August 14, 80 yards. First heat: K. Hunter (50), 1; S. Carroll (56), 2; A. Richards (51), 3. Time, 49 secs. Second heat: K. Wheeler (51), 1; V. Armstrong (65),

2; H. Robertson (44) 3. Time, 50 4/5 secs. Final: K. Wheeler 1, K. Hunter 2, S. Carroll 3. Time, 49 4/5 secs.

August 21, 100 yards. First Heat: S. Carroll (72), 1; A. Richards (68), 2; K. Wheeler (64), 3. Time, 72 2/5 secs. Second Heat: V. Armstrong (87), 1; H. Robertson (58), 2; K. Hunter (64), 3. Time, 85 secs. Final: V. Armstrong 1, S. Carroll 2, A. Richards 3. Time, 85 secs.

## Our Monthly Bridge Evening

Among the various social events organised by the Club, none are more popular than the bridge parties. These are held in the Card Room once a month, and each member is expected to bring a lady.

Play commences at eight o'clock, or as soon afterwards



## Bridge Club Evenings

14th OCTOBER

and

11th NOVEMBER



Commencing at 8 p.m.

Dress Optional

as the parties set themselves to the business of ascertaining whether it is good enough to bid "four diamonds" over "three no trumps." Five rubbers are played—each against a different set of opponents—and prizes donated by the sub-committee are presented to the respective winners of the best five rubbers and the highest aggregate of points.

Light refreshments are served about 10 o'clock, and it is a moving sight to see a couple who are trying to make up a heavy deficit—and perhaps getting further into the consomme by over-calling—while their opponents are wondering how long it will be before they will be free to partake of the coffee and the cakes. There is a story of one undaunted player who eventually won the rubber but was 1,600 points behind! His theory is that you must win two games out of three if you keep on calling!





Bridge-playing members who have not been at any of these happy parties should give themselves (and their ladies) the pleasure of attending the next function. Evening dress is optional, and the committee will make them very welcome.

On Tuesday, August 19, a party of bridge players from the Millions Club were informally welcomed to the Club by Mr. Jerome Dowling. After explaining (in response to several anxious inquiries) that very few of them were millionaires, the visitors were introduced to their respective opponents, and having accepted an invitation to refreshments, they settled down to the business of demonstrating their knowledge of the game. This they did so convincingly that they were the winners at four out of the five tables. It may have been that on the whole the cards were slightly in their favour; nevertheless, the outstanding fact is that the Millions Club players made few mistakes.

There were five rubbers at each table, the points scored being as under:—

Jamison and Edmonds (M.C.) 1,433, v. Dowling and Roles (T.C.). Crane and Stallman (M.C.) 754, v. Burleigh and Hannan (T.C.). Wellington and Henderson (M.C.) v. Viber and Langley (T.C.), 1,113, Olsen and Pollock (M.C.) 890 v. Williams and E. Moss (T.C.). Fisher Webster and Linden (M.C.) 332, v. C. Hall and W. Dalley (T.C.).

A net tally in favour of the "millionaires" by 2,296 points.

When the games were concluded, a light supper was provided, and the various players separated with expressions of mutual goodwill and hopes of meeting again before long.

### Send-off to Mr. W. G. Royal

Mr. W. G. Royal, who left for New Guinea on the 2nd of the month, where it is secretly known he has a veritable "El Dorado" which he covered well from prying eyes before he left there five years ago, was tendered a farewell luncheon in the private dining room by a few of his many friends on the 28th August. Those present included:—Messrs. F. G. Underwood (chair), Charles Helps, J. M. Forsyth, J. A. Mayo, B. Gordon, J. H. O'Dea, G. Blunt, S. J. Simpson, and H. S. Clissold.

Mr. Gordon, a particular friend of the guest, went back to the early Nineties, where he first met Mr. Royal, and related the difficulties they encountered in finding gold in Western Australia, in parts where no white man had previously trodden. They met again by a strange coincidence in the pioneer days of New Guinea twenty years later. As they were without water for days and without proper food for months, their present robust physical condition was hard to believe.

Mr. J. M. Forsyth helped to create a very convivial atmosphere by his numerous anecdotes.

### Farewell and Welcome

Prior to his return to America, Mr. Marshall Cropley was tendered a farewell dinner in the private dining room on the 29th August, by Mr. L. H. Steger.

Mr. Marshall Cropley had been relieving Mr. Charles E. Brown, Managing Director of the Matson Line, dur-

ing Mr. Brown's absence in America, and during his short stay of about five months in Sydney Mr. Cropley made many friends in the Club, and he carried away with him their heartiest good wishes for the future.

Mr. Charles E. Brown, Managing Director of the Matson Line, returned to Sydney last week after an extensive American tour. Mr. Cropley, who was among those welcoming Mr. Brown, and who incidentally carried out his duties while he was away, returned to America two days later.

### Billiard Tournament, 1930

#### Result of First Round.

A. C. Boyle (rec. 95) beat D. Lake (rec. 90) by 62; R. W. Plasto (25) beat H. Emerson (10) by 90; C. Coles (80) beat H. England (90) by forfeit; J. P. Hannan (95) beat "Nabob" (85) by forfeit; E. Moss (90) beat S. E. Thomas (95) by 57; "Kinneil" (10) beat W. Dalley (80) by 2; W. Forysth (25) beat "Pocket" (120) by 66; J. Logan (140) beat C. Hardy (75) by 98; J. L. Normoyle (50) beat N. C. Kyle (90) by 30; J. Kelso (100) beat P. Nolan (135), by 42; J. S. Lillis (35) beat C. E. Hall (95) by forfeit; "Corra Lynn" (75) beat "Oral" (owes 110) by 212; J. Molloy (50) beat "J.D.P." (95) by 50; C. E. Young (owes 15) beat J. P. Headland (90) by 12; "Macleay" (150) beat "G.J.W." (45) by 12; "Homebush" (100) beat R. Price (40) by 72.

### Snooker Tournament, 1930

#### Result of First Round.

(Best Two out of Three Games.)

"Kinneil" (rec. 14) v. J. B. Davis (rec. 24): Won by 4, lost by 26, won by 7.

J. L. Normoyle (rec. 15) v. J. A. Portus (rec. 14): Won by forfeit.

L. Tasker (rec. 10) v. "Pocket" (rec. 40): Won by 7 and 37.

S. E. Chatterton (rec. 22) v. A. C. Eldred (rec. 18): Won by 48 and 43.

T. E. Ferguson (rec. 30) v. J. Kelso (rec. 25): Won by 22 and 7.

R. C. Longworth (rec. 42) v. W. R. Dovey (rec. 40): Won by 23 and 5.

J. H. Abbs (rec. 20) v. L. R. Harrison (30): Won by 2, lost by 28, won by 43.

"Macleay" (rec. 50) v. A. Dobson (rec. 35): Won by 29 and 31.

M. Faul (rec. 25) v. P. Gapper (rec. 32): Lost by 16, won by 53 and 27.

L. G. Richards (rec. 18) v. R. S. Mutton (rec. 11): Won by forfeit.

H. England (25) v. E. Moore (rec. 30): Won by 29 and 33.

R. W. Plasto (rec. 16) v. R. Price (rec. 20): Won by 7 and 36.

L. H. Howarth (rec. 18) v. C. Coles (rec. 24): Won by 33 and 39.

S. Carlyle (rec. 10) v. "Wellwood" (rec. 4): Lost by 47, won by 2 and 41.

"J.D.P." (rec. 26) v. M. P. Davis (rec. 18): Won by 9 and 22.

C. E. Young (rec. 4) v. H. J. Robertson (rec. 4): Lost by 13, won by 34 and 21.





## The Clubman's Diary

SO many I say at the Club's annual ball with whom in due season—specially under the urge of Spring—I had taken doubles, that recollections swopped on that score might not have been off the track, as it were. But when a stranger to the assembly, on festive occasion, spoke of "seeing doubles"—insisted, indeed, on pointing them out—I suggested discreetly that a pick-me-up mightn't be amiss.

The gentleman, however, was serious and, as befitted the company and the occasion, strictly sober.

\* \* \*

"THERE'S one," he said, pointing to Mr. J. A. Roies standing in the doorway with Secretary Manning—Twin Peris outside the gates of Paradise, but not disconsolate.

"And there's another," put in the stranger, pointing eagerly to Mr. Percy Gapper.

"They're not doubles," I said. "Hush, my dear fellow! Even to mention doubles to them might revive far from fond memories on such a night as this."

\* \* \*

"PERHAPS I am mistaken after all," the fellow ventured. "Perhaps your ball has been graced by two gentlemen distinguished in their respective realms—statesmanship and the stage. I refer to the Right Hon. W. M. Hughes, P.C., and Mr. Cecil Kellaway. And isn't it funny. There's Billy Hughes, who has done everything in his life but dance, entrancing the ladies by the grace of his steps to-night. And there's Kellaway, who dances (among other things) nightly for a living, standing like a statue of Albert the Good."

\* \* \*

I COULD see at once that the gentle stranger was mistaking Mr. Dunningham for Cecil Kellaway, and Mr. Gapper for Mr. Hughes.

If you think the stranger was really in need of that pick-me-up, just drop in at Her Majesty's Theatre and see Cecil Kellaway in "Follow Through," before he changes from the evening clothes of the business magnate into the shrieking rig-out of a golfer—so loud that it would move to tears a plus-fours purist like Mr. Tom Murray, M.L.C.

Also take full notice of Mr. W. M. Hughes next time you see him sartorially set up at the annual ball of the Blue Legged Pelicans.

P.S.: Tom Murray should be able to tell you the inside story of the Blue Legged Pelicans; a story well-known to all habitués of Parliament House.

\* \* \*

THE Honorable the Minister for Labor and Industry, Mr. Ernest Farrar, M.L.C., might be able to oblige with a recital of those mystic rites, should Mr. Murray default. Should Mr. Farrar beg to be excused, then he might come over with the true story of his experience at Aintree, when he saw the Grand National run in the cheerful company of Sir Victor Wilson, known well and favorably, among others, to club members John Hicks, Junr. and J. E. Kennebeck, Paramount executives.

I realise that I am roaming all over the course—from Saddling Paddock to Leger to Flat. But that's the best way to get a view of everybody.

\* \* \*

I MET the official Mr. Hicks and the social Mr. Hicks on different occasions, and can testify as to their being fine, sporting fellows. A splendid double that!

Perhaps I would prefer to lay the odds on the social Mr. Hicks, whom I met in a lane near the Paramount Office one day, when we talked of everything under the sun, and he spun me conversationally round the globe. But the official Mr. Hicks, met through the medium of appointment and presentation of personal card, was also friendly and approachable.

\* \* \*



JOHN E. KENNEBECK knows the world through its literature—if we may regard the newspapers and magazines as literature—as well as through experience gained from travel. All sorts of printed matter come addressed to him from various parts of the world, and this he devours mentally, like the ordinary being would physically engage steak and kidney pie.



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NOW let me return to Mr. Farrar, Sir Victor Wilson and Aintree. They were in the Royal enclosure and had audience with the King. So affable was His Majesty that they were almost moved to wish him better luck on the course. The King was having a terribly bad trot at the time. Even the Queen's pet horse, which Her Majesty had named, had run up a lane.

Surely some humorist called it the Sport of Kings! Still, I suppose it is quite in order. I remember once feeling like King O'Malley—and the Irish Kings from whom some of our Celtic members claim descent—after I had collected on a rough double from Harry Marsden.

\* \* \*

THAT reminds me that I saw Mr. Marsden at the ball, stepping like Veilmond—or as Mr. Ned Moss would always desire to have Veilmond step.

Just as the finest thoroughbred will on occasion get on the wrong leg, so will an expert dancer get on the wrong foot. Then, if it happen to be the foot of a lady, the stewards are called.

\* \* \*

ONE lady on whose dainty satin shoe Mr. Marsden had stepped in an excess of enthusiasm, complained bitterly of a pet corn.

"But surely not Mr. Marsden," I pleaded. "He goes abroad regularly to keep in step with the times. Once he won a dancing competition in the U.S.A."

"Well, all I can say," retorted the aggrieved woman, "is that his lady friend must have danced delightfully."

"As delightfully as"—I suggested, as she shot a glance over the crowded ballroom.

"As delightfully as the gentleman over there," she said, pointing to Mr. Hans Robertson, who, I am sure, will forsake snooker after reading this, and devote all his leisure to the smooth floor.

\* \* \*

ONE lady on whose dainty satin shoe Mr. Marsden Whiddon, been present, that compliment might not have gone to Hans, for Mr. Whiddon in his youth was in the gentlemen's ballet at a fine figure—a finer figure than he can display nowadays.

We were all sorry to hear that the chairman was ill, and sincere inquiries were also made about fellow-members Jack Wyatt, Scott Fell, Sam Gilder and Arthur Levy, all of whom have been not blessed with the best of health, but are happily now able to report a more cheerful outlook.

\* \* \*

GENERAL Lamrock is also feeling his old self again after a rough spin, which this happy personality didn't deserve. When next you get him in a corner, ask the General to tell you the story of how he regained his mount, sold for war purposes; how the wires to Melbourne buzzed and how there was nearly a revolution at Great General Headquarters ere return of the moke was sanctioned.

\* \* \*

MR. SCOTT FELL, of course, is not going to sink into the invalid's chair for many a year. Even before he considers taking life more easily, he should set

down with that clarity and candour distinctive of the man, his reminiscences of public men as he has found them. It would be a valuable document for posterity, with all the high-lights of history.

\* \* \*

ANOTHER great occasion in the Club was the reception tendered the British footballers. A function which attracted many representative players of other days, including Messrs. Harald Baker and "Wakka" Walker, present selectors; Messrs. James McMahon—who played against the first British team in the eighties—and Frank Underwood, who has the distinction of having also won a cap in the amateur boxing ring.

\* \* \*

MR JOHN DUNNINGHAM, M.L.A., made a happy speech of welcome from the chair—the speech of a sportsman to sportsmen, and one which a brother vice-president of the Rugby Union, the Lord Mayor of Sydney, Ald. Marks, declared was the most eloquent.

\* \* \*

TED Henkel added to the decorative, as well as to the festive, character of the annual ball, by introducing ballets from the Capitol Theatre. I liked Ted, on first acquaintance as it happened. So quiet, he seemed, yet so effective in his methods; and the true artist in his outlook.



I said that, to enjoy thoroughly the art of the ballet, one had to regard the girls impersonally; not to permit the physical appeal of the dancers to subordinate their art.

"It's the only way," said Ted.

\* \* \*

THE swimming pool—which, if it could talk, might tell of the masterly strokes of many of Sydney's foremost business men—proved a wonderful lure for the footballers. Honors went to the captain, Mr. Prentice, on swimming capability; but, as a fancy feature, Mr. Jim Farrell's imitation diving, of a dying swan, was not to be sneezed at.

\* \* \*

COMING away from the reception, Joe Wangenheim put it up to Mr. Beamish, a forward scaling more than 16 stone, and Irish—not to mention the fact of his being champion amateur heavyweight of his country, which has a reputation for breeding fighters.

"Say, Mr. Beamish," said Joe, "if you can make my weight, I'll take you on at boxing, wrestling, or any game you like to nominate."

Fortunately for Joe, Mr. Beamish was looking straight ahead; that is to say, overlooking Mr. Wangenheim. So the blood of a martyr is still to sanctify the marble stairway of Tattersall's Club.

—THE CLUBMAN.





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## Romance of the English Derby

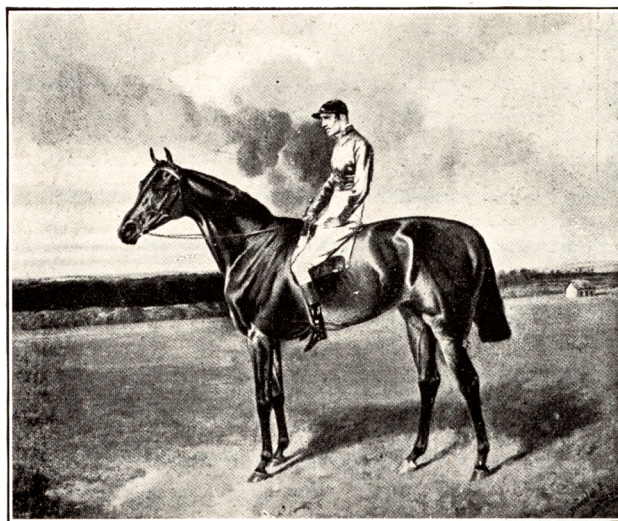
A century and half ago—on May 4th, 1780—a fashionable company journeyed by road from London to Epsom Downs to witness a new race which the authorities controlling Epsom Races—and not Lord Derby, as is so frequently stated—had inaugurated for three-year-old colts and fillies, under the name of "The Derby Stakes." The event was worth £1,125, all of which went to the winner. Only nine horses faced the starter's flag, although there had been 36 subscribers. The winner was Sir Charles Bunbury's Diomed, who was subsequently sold to an American breeder for 50 guineas—a striking contrast to the £60,000 paid for Call Boy after his victory in 1927.

The Royal Family has given large practical support to horse-racing, but Derby victories have not fallen in profusion to its members. In 1788 the race was won by Sir Thomas, the property of the Prince of Wales, afterwards George IV., whilst his brother, the Duke of York, was twice successful, with Prince Leopold in 1816, and Moses in 1822.

The visit to Epsom Downs of Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort in the year of their marriage created quite a sensation, for the Derby was then being attacked, and there were certain individuals, some of them not without influence, who were doing all in their power to destroy its ever-growing popularity as an annual event. The Prince Consort rode round the course "to see the preparations for the day's sport"; and, in the presence of the young Queen, Little Wonder scored an easy victory from 16 opponents. Her Majesty presented Mac-

Donald, the winning jockey, with a gold-headed riding whip. The royal visit transformed the Derby into a family festival. Henceforth it was regarded as domestic instead of merely racing, and became national instead of vulgar. So much so that soon (in 1847) the House of Commons formally adjourned to enable its legislators to see the horses of the year at their fastest. Moreover, later on, Queen Victoria had the satisfaction of breeding Merry Hampton, who very appropriately won in the Jubilee year of 1887.

Her Son, King Edward, one of the greatest sportsmen in turf history, did much during his life to popularise the classic race at Epsom. His late Majesty owed a great deal of his early success in horse racing to John Porter, the famous trainer, who purchased Perdita II. on behalf of his Royal patron. This mare, which cost only £900, was the dam of Florizel II., Persimmon and Diamond Jubilee. Richard Marsh, who trained the trio, declared Diamond Jubilee to be the only horse he ever knew that could not be



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"faulted"; whilst he considered Persimmon "the greatest horse of all time." The latter "spoilt young gentleman" who once bit a stable boy's thumb clean off, was "so intelligent" (said Mr. Marsh) that "he plotted mischief for the satisfaction it gave him of knowing how annoyed and alarmed he could make us." Marsh won £134,687 in stakes for King Edward; whilst of King George he wrote that "he had more knowledge of a horse than his father."

It was in 1900 that King Edward, then Prince of Wales, won the two "blue ribands" of racing, viz., the Grand National with Ambush II. and The Derby with Diamond Jubilee, but possibly his supreme turf triumph was when Minoru captured the Epsom classic in 1909, and thousands of voices went up in one mighty cheer as the Sovereign led in his victorious colt.

In 1787 the then Earl of Derby captured the prize with Sir Peter Teazle; and although from that date onwards successive owners of the title have striven to gain





Tattersall's Club, Sydney

# SEPTEMBER RACE MEETING

**RANDWICK RACECOURSE**

**SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 13th**

**Principal Event: The Chelmsford Stakes (W.F.A.)**

WEIGHTS — MONDAY, 8th SEPTEMBER.

ACCEPTANCES — THURSDAY, 11th SEPTEMBER, 1 P.M.

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takes this opportunity of announcing his return as a fielder, and will be pleased to welcome all old friends, and hopes to make many new ones.





the "Blue Riband of the Turf"—the present Lord Derby has been more persistent than any of his predecessors in his endeavours—it was not until after a lapse of 137 years that the spell of ill-luck was broken in 1924 by the combined efforts of Sansovino, Weston and George Lambton.

The late Lord Rosebery, when a boy at Eton, told his playmates that when he grew up he would buy a horse that would win The Derby. He purchased many thoroughbreds, and made attempt after attempt to capture

the Derby for his own funeral," was at Epsom every Derby day from 1828 to 1894 without a break.

"Every clergyman, preacher, and Sunday school teacher," declared Oliver Wendell Holmes, "ought to go once to the Derby to learn what sort of a world he lives in." True to his own prescription, the genial old autocrat of the breakfast table, on a visit to Europe to study anatomy, squeezed in Epsom. What really impressed him was a man on very tall stilts and the bitter coolness of the grandstand!

## Death of Mr. Scott Fell.

As this issue of the Club Magazine was leaving the press, the regrettable announcement of the death of Mr. Scott Fell was received. Mr. Scott Fell had been ill for some little time, and The Clubman, in his notes on Page nineteen (written a week or more before his demise) had written a paragraph in regard to him which was intended to convey to him a cheery hope for his speedy recovery. The late Mr. Scott Fell was an esteemed Club member, and his untimely death is to be greatly regretted. He was head of the firm of Scott Fell and Company, which conducts the business of shipping agents, freight contractors, general merchants, and coal exporters. He was also managing director of Interstate Steamships Ltd., and Maitland Main Collieries, Ltd. He is survived by two sons, Messrs. W. B. Scott Fell, of Double Bay, and J. W. Scott Fell, of Killara, and three daughters, Mrs. H. L. Wheeler, wife of the ex-Mayor of Newcastle (Colonel H. L. Wheeler), Mrs. W. Etherington, of Mosman, and Mrs. B. P. Anderson Stuart, of Darling Point.



FRED ARCHER, RIDER OF ORMONDE.

the classic race, but it was not until 1894 that Ladas romped home with his colours. He carried off the prize in the following year with Sir Visto.

Lord Rosebery's first classic victory, with Bonny Jean in The Oaks of 1883, was extremely popular. It so happened that at the time a musical comedy, "The Duchess of Epsom Downs," was running at the Royalty Theatre. Kate Monro, who played the title-role, was charming and vivacious in the wooing of her favourite jockey, comically presented by Frank Gregory. In one of the scenes the jockey appeared in his colours after winning a race, and on this particular Friday night in May, Gregory sported the primrose and rose hoops, the jacket being the actual garment in which Watts had ridden Bonny Jean to victory in the afternoon. The audience rose en masse, and shouted itself hoarse. A young sporting baronet, wearing a false nose and a long primrose and rose veil round the brim of his crush hat, led the cheering, and it was many minutes before the performance was able to proceed.

John Scott, who trained five winners of the Blue Riband, saw no fewer than 54 Derbys. Lord Palmerston, too, is said to have witnessed the race 50 time, whilst John Gully, the prize-fighter M.P., saw more than half a century of Derbys, and James Weatherby, a sporting journalist, who used to declare that he "wouldn't miss

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## SO-LONG TO POLO

I've seen enough of city life—I'm tired of your town,  
So I'm off again to Wallaroo to run the brumbies down.  
I'll go by Dirranbandi, and out by Bridlerein  
Where I'll whistle "Mollie Reilly" to the turkeys on the plain.

*For I've parted with the ponies, and I've left the polo ball  
With a pair of broken mallets in their places on the wall;  
And I've laid aside the colours, and have bade the chaps "Adieu!"  
And am off to run in brumbies with the boys at Wallaroo.*

With the setting sun before me and the plains extending round,  
Like the great Atlantic Ocean—like a mighty polo ground—  
And the startled "jumbucks" staring, and skeddadling away  
From my unexpected presence as I jig-jog on the way.

With the creaking of the saddle, and the rattling of the pack,  
And the "silence that's part of every soul upon the track"—  
I'll be thinking of the players and the pleasures of the past,  
And the race that some are racing and the lot that some have  
cast.

*For I've parted with the ponies and I've left the polo ball  
With a pair of broken mallets in their places on the wall;  
And I've laid aside the colours, and have bade the chaps "Adieu!"  
And am off to run in brumbies with the boys of Wallaroo.*

In fancy I'll be flying and careering round and round  
And missing goals and swearing on the City polo-ground,  
And I'll see the glowing faces, and hear their voices, too,  
Till a glimpse of distant timber brings me back to Wallaroo.

I'm off where days are longest, where nights are calm and still,  
Where boys take pride in more than just the kind of pants they  
fill.

Where life is more than money, where it's grand to ride in  
Spring  
When the birds are gaily singing, and the soft winds whispering.

Where at night you'll often waken from a sleep that's snug and  
sound

To find your horse has "slithered" with the wild mob that's  
around;

Where there's music in the horse-bells, and you'll listen to the  
song

As they join in happy chorus—"Tinkle! Tankle! Tankle! Tong!"

*But I've parted with the ponies, and I've left the polo-ball  
With a pair of broken mallets in their places on the wall;  
And I've laid aside the colours, and have bade the chaps "Adieu!"  
And am off to run in brumbies with the boys of Wallaroo.*

STEELE RUDD.

### JUST THIS MINUTE.

If we're thoughtful, just this minute,  
In whate'er we say and do;  
If we put a purpose in it  
That is honest thro' and thro'  
We shall gladden life and give it  
Grace to make it all sublime;  
For, though life is long, we live it  
Just a minute at a time.

## Obituary

Mr. William Armstrong, who had been a member of the Club since the 23rd February, 1914, passed away at his residence, The Butchers' Arms Hotel, Pyrmont, on the 14th August.

A brother-in-law of Mr. T. Hannan, member of Committee, Mr. Armstrong was born at Bollagh, Tipperary, sixty-four years ago, and had been proprietor of the Butchers' Arms Hotel for nearly forty years.

Some years ago he owned a number of racehorses, including Heatherbrae and Petcase.

He is survived by a widow, six sons and four daughters.

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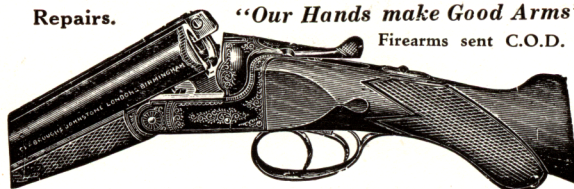
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